gaged in throwing a young fellow from Picardy into a ditch the previous Sunday. How could he mix with the lords and ladies of France and Brittany, he whose habit it was to herd with ploughboys and skylark and scuffle with grooms and scullions?

Nevertheless Berti and went to Rennes Little Tiphaine de Bellière, a maiden of seven tender years, whose eyes were a beautiful amber, came visiting with her father about that time, and she thought very well of Bertrand and was able to help him in his ambition. At Rennes the mob mocked the ugly lad mounted on an un-gainly yellow horse. He was overcome by anger and was on the point of slitting the weasand of an offensive butcher when Tiphaine came a second time to his assistance. She dominated the mob and calmed Bertrand. A thought suddenly came to him. He galloped off into the town and borrowed his cousin's horse and armor. His cousin and his cousin's servant helped him to assume the knightly harness. He pulled on the hauberk. The demi-bras-sarts were strapped. The arm and leg pieces were buckled on. The visored passinet was laced. The whole picturesque business was generously and properly attended to. Over the mail Bertrand wore his own surcoat turned inside out. A cloth cover was bound over the shield. "St. lves for the unknown knight!" So shouted the good cousin as Bertrand rode forth twirling his great spear as though it had been a willow wand.

It is good to read of what Bertrand proceeded to do that day. He met first the redoubtable Sir Girard de Rochefort, who had already emptied ten saddles and was thought to be invincible. To the Marshal's herald Bertrand gave the name of "The Turncoat" and expressed the desire to remain unknown. As the story inquires: What did it signify that De Rochefort had hardened his sinews fighting for three years under the banner of the Teutonic Knights and that he had carried off the prize at a great tourney at Cologne?" That was well enough, but Bertrand was not enfeebled by any knowledge of it. He had the courage of ignorance and he was heavy the shoulders. The trumpets blew. He dashed his heels into the sides of his cousin's horse. That animal immediately went into "a gallop that made the dust fly from the dry grass like smoke." De Rochefort came on, his bright bassinet flashing in the sunlight above the rim of his scarlet shield. The adversaries met. "There was a whirl of dust, the splintering of a spear, the dull ring of smitten steel. Bertrand, dazed, felt the girths creak under him, his horse staggering like a rammed ship. For a moment he thought himself down in the dust under the weight of De Rochefort's spear. Then the tumult seemed to melt away and he found himself staring at an empty saddle and at Sir Girard rolling on the turf, his mailed hands clawing at the air." That was Bertrand's first. Twelve others he sent rolling from their saddles that day. It was all a very fine surprise for the ugly youngster's unappreciative

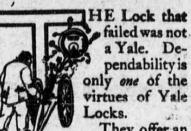
Bertrand went to the wars. He performed great deeds, but was obstructed by icalousies. We find him in a hopeless and disreputable situation, the captain of a company of free lances who had admirable qualifications as rufflans and thieves. Three women trained with these precious vagabonds, one of them Arletta, a smith's daughter, who had run away from home with the soldiers seven years before. For two years she had attached herself to Bertrand. She was handsome and jealous. Bertrand and his men seized and looted the lonely castle called the Aspen Tower. It was not a difficult enterprise. The Black Death had been busy in the place and there was nobody left to defend it. It had one occupant, however, a woman, the sight of whom turned Bertrand's well seasoned bones to water. This was our friend the little Tiphaile, now grown to be a strong and handsome woman. Tiphaine had looked into a bowl of magic water and had seen Bertrand and his men several days before they made their actual appearance. Much that will interest and stir the reader happened in the Aspen Tower. For one thing the jealous Arletta made an end of herself there, after trying in vain to make an end of Tiphaine. "How a Man May Find His Soul Again" is the significant

title of this division of the story. Bertrand was tried in plenty of fire. It is gratifying to record that he came out shining. He was of course a violent man. People were accustomed to look out when he had the "black dog" on his shoulders. But if he had been less violent it is entirely probable that his interest would have been less. Just as he was and just as he did he was qualified to furnish forth a highly entertaining story.

Jealous Imaginings of a Widow.

Eleanor Stuart's story of "The Postscript" (The McClure Company) is a study in jealousy and the record of a somewhat simple misapprehension. Esther da Trofo, Quaker bred, a Philadelphian, grieved for her dead Italian husband, who had been one of the kindest and noblest of men. She was "American still, despite six years as an Italian wife." She still dwelt in the beautiful Da Trofo home, not far from Milan. She sa in her garden at evening, thinking that she was childless and lonely. Some boys from a neighboring orphanage were swimming in the lake. Far out one little fellow threw up his hands, shrieking. She ran out on the springboard and dived into the water. She swam to the drowning boy and "snatched him to her in a tumult of exaltation." She carried him home to be dried and for supper. She asked him if the supper was good. He replied: "Everything is good. God first of all; it is so stated in the orphanages." His beauty, and his pretty manners charmed her. His name was Sandro, the same as her dead hushand's. She adopted him. She took him in her automobile to Milan to buy clothes for him. There she encountered his mother, the handsome and admirable Madame Fabbri, at one time a pianist of great promise but compelled by illness, in the form of neuritis, to become a vegetable cook, Esther's heart yearned toward the mother a it had yearned toward the child. She carried Madame Fabbri off also to be an

amate of the Da Trofo home. The Count di Foresti, we must say, was entirely shallow and obvious villain. led Esther to believe that her dead isband had been the lover of kadame. l'abbri and was the father of little Sandro. eally Di Foresti himself was the father. erybody knew this but Esther, and why s e did not know it is a puzzle. Esther's e mpanion, the excellent Miss Gertrude enks of Philadelphia, was properly alive to the suggestions aforded in the personality this Count. "I can't abide this Di Fori," a iss Jenks declared. "He loo s like crayon portrait of some one e se a. c. not e a real person at all." ents said, having the Court in mine. When a man has the most agreeable manners in the world, and listens more defer-entially than any one ever did before (excent the grocer, when he writes down an der), when you think him handsome and aren't able to put your finger on a single fault, and yet when you feel you're stepping



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solute security. Get the Lock protection that's coming to you. The name Yale is a guarantee of it. Hardware stores carry the gen-uine Yale Locks and Keys. THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.
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Still Esther believed the Count. She hugged her jealous feelings with great persistency. She loved little Sandro. Her heart remained warm toward his mother. They were part of her torture. They were dreadful' reminders. But she cherished them. She needed them. They were at once pain and consolation.

Then with great suddenness Madame Fabbri became jealous. The Count di Foresti confided to her that he felt he had reason to believe that he was going to be Esther's second husband. He was deeply in error, but Madame Fabbri did not know that. She did not wait to inform herself regarding the truth of his communication. She immediately attacked her benefactress with a rose knife. "Try the next world!" she screamed. "See if there you can sit smiling while you take from one poor woman her last chance. You have robbed me of a child who made all my sorrow glorious, and now you would rob him of his right to say 'Father.'" With that she gashed Esther in the arm. It was drastic business but it resulted in some valuable explanation Esther explained that she did not want Di Foresti for a husband and had no idea of marrying anybody, and Madame Fabbri explained that it was ridiculously and monstrougly remote from the truth to suppose that Esther's dead husband was the father of little Sandro. Esther was very happy then, and so, we believe, was everybody else, save indeed the devious D. Foresti, who of course did not deserve happiness

Conant on Banking.

The impending currency legislation in Congress makes the reissue of Mr. Charles A. Conant's important studies in banking timely and useful. To the third edition of "A History of Modern Banks of Iscue" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) a supplementary chapter has been added describing clearly and succinctly the crisis of 1907 and its causes. Another topic that has acquired importance since the book was first published should be added to complete the survey, namely, a fuller account of banks in Japan, China and other Asiatic countries which come into relations with the European and American banks described by Mr Conant.

A new edition of the second volume o "The Principles of Money and Banking" is issued by itself as "The Principles of Banking" (Harpers), a process justified by the natural division in Mr. Conant's original theme and by the fact that it is the banking side of the subject that is of special interest at the present time.

The Trees of North America.

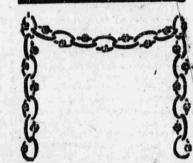
The third excellent work on trees that has come into our hands within a few weeks is a lordly octavo of over 900 pages that barely avoide quarto formation, "North American Trees," by Dr. Nathaniel Lord Britton, director in chief of the New York Rotanical Garden, who has been assisted by Dr. John Adolf Shafer of the same institution (Henry Holt and Company). The trees are arranged according to a rigid botanical dassification, and great catholicity is shown in the species included, which gives extraordinary completeness to the list. For instance, there are accounts tropical trees, wherever some member of a family has gained a foothold in the Southern States, and shrubs are described. when some branch grows up to a tree. It is surprising to discover that the potato family develops into a tree in Florida and

that several forms of the pea do the same. The trees are described chiefly from the botanical side. The arboricultural and the practical utility aspects are by no means neglected, but the chief interest of the authors and their most careful scientific work is in the plant. Here the descriptions and distinctions are most precise, and here, too, technical languageis unavoidable. The illustrations emphasize this character. These show the leaves, flowers, fruit and seeds of each tree, conventionalized after the botanical fashion in some cases, though there are many pictures of the trees themselves taken from life besides.

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Humor.

There is necessarily a good deal of horseplay in Mr. Aitken Murray's "Tommy Brown. A Bad Boy's Memoirs" (R. F. Fenno and Company, New York), but the incidents are often funny. They are helped out by a certain amount of bad spelling. American readers will obtain some enjoyment from the British author's attempts at imitating what he thinks are American-

Devotees of Mr. George V. Hobart's essays in humor can enjoy it in two of the forms that he has made his own. In "Go to It" he wears his John Henry dress, in "Dinkelsplel's Letters to Looie," another favorite garb. The form in each remains the same, which is all. we fancy, that his readers ask of him; the spirit, perhaps, has become attenuated. The two little books are published by the G.W. Dillingham Company. The facetious side of automobilism is exploited, by no means for the first time, by Mr. Julian Street in "My Enemy the

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make it useful to the general reader as well Motor" (John Lane Company). The teras specialists. The publishers have done rors of a neophyte are related smoothly their best to make the volume attractive and readably in the successive incidents, and there is little exaggeration.

The political side of Mr. William J. Lampton's wit is shown in "Judge Waxem's Pocketbook of Politics" (G. W. Dilling-

ham Company). The caricatures in Mr. John Brady' Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Momenta (Goerck Art Press, New York) are much more clever than his text. This seems intended to express the author's serious opinion of musical performers, and to this he

has the same right that anybody else has. The chief thing lacking in Mr. Grenville Kleiser's "Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience" (Funk and Wagnalls Company) is some idea of what is funny

Continued on Eighth Page.

A MYSTERY

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